



Geronimo Stilton

SPACEMICE

RESCUE REBELLION



 SCHOLASTIC



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 **SCHOLASTIC**



My dear mouse friends,

Have I ever told you how much I love science fiction? I've always wanted to write incredible adventures set in **another dimension**, but I've never believed that parallel universes exist . . . until now!

That's because my good friend **Professor Paws von Volt**, the brilliant, secretive scientist, has just made an incredible discovery. Thanks to some mousetropic calculations, he determined that there are **many different dimensions in time and space**, where anything could be possible.

The professor's work inspired me to write this science fiction adventure in which my family and I **travel through space in search of new worlds**.

We're a fabumouse crew:
the spacemice!

I hope you enjoy this
intergalactic adventure!

Geronimo Stilton



**PROFESSOR
PAWS VON VOLT**

THE SPACeMice

GERONIMO
STILTONIX



TRAP
STILTONIX



THEA
STILTONIX



GRANDFATHER
WILLIAM STILTONIX



ROBOTIX

BENJAMIN
STILTONIX
AND BUGSY
WUGGY



Geronimo Stilton

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In the darkness of the farthest galaxy in time and space is a spaceship inhabited exclusively by mice.

This fabumouse vessel is called the **MouseStar 1**, and I am its captain!

I am **Geronimo Stiltonix**, a somewhat accident-prone mouse who (to tell you the truth) would rather be writing novels than steering a spaceship.

But for now, my adventurous family and I are busy travelling around the universe on exciting intergalactic missions.

THIS IS THE
LATEST ADVENTURE
OF THE SPACEMICE!





DARKER THAN A BLACK HOLE!

It all started on a Friday. But it wasn't a regular Friday — it was a very **special** Friday. Every mouse in the galaxy had been **squeaking** about this Friday for days — no, weeks — no, months! That's because it was the release date for the **5-D** mega mouserific movie, *The Lord of the Asteroids*. And you know what it means to see a **5-D** mega mouserific movie, right? It means strapping yourself into the movie theater's floating seat to watch fabumouse **holograms*** and intergalactic visual

* A hologram is a three-dimensional image that is projected from a light source.

From the Encyclopedia Galactica

5-D MEGA MOUSERIFIC MOVIE

This five-dimensional movie takes place in a special circular screening room. Moviegoers strap themselves into special extra-comfy moving seats. Then holograms seem to emerge from the screen and float around the room while the superstellar surround-sound system kicks into high gear.

WARNING: 5-D mega mouserific movies are not recommended for anyone who is a jittery scaredy-mouse!

effects while listening to the universe's most superstellar surround-sound system!

Oh, excuse me! I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stiltonix, **Geronimo Stiltonix**. I'm the captain of the legendary **MOUSESTAR 1**, the most mousetropic spaceship in the universe! Now, what was I **squeaking** about? Oh, right! I had promised my nephew Benjamin and his friend Bugsy Wugsy that I would take them to see *The Lord of the Asteroids* that Friday.



DARKER THAN A BLACK HOLE!

“Uncle, we’re ready!” Benjamin’s and Buggy Wuggy’s **SHRILL** voices shouted happily as they burst into the control room.

“Super!” I answered with a big smile. “Let’s go!”

Even though I appeared excited, **deep** down, I was a little worried. I don’t

know about you, but those floating **holograms** make me nauseous!

We got to the theater a little early, but it was already packed with mice munching on mouthwatering triple-cheese-flavored **POPCORN**.

As soon as the lights dimmed, the seats began to **float** and *The Lord of the Asteroids* began. The movie was full of speeding space shuttles, **evil aliens**, and mouse-crushing meteorites.

SQUEAK! HOW TERRIFYING!



The lights dimmed and the seats began to float . . .



The movie was full of evil aliens . . .



. . . and mouse-crushing meteorites!



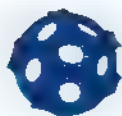
DARKER THAN A BLACK HOLE!

After a few minutes, the images suddenly started flickering and became **blurry**. Then the screen began to **VIBRATE**.

“Uncle, is this a new **special effect**?” Benjamin asked.

Before I could answer, the movie suddenly cut out completely and we were plunged into **darkness**. It was darker than the **blackest** black hole!





A NEAR MISS!

Everyone became very quiet. I held **BENJAMIN'S** and **Bugsy Wugsy's** paws tightly in an attempt to reassure them, even though my whiskers trembled with **fear**. Then a small dot of light appeared in front of me. A second later, **HOLOGRAMIX**, *MouseStar 1's* onboard computer, was beaming at me. I was so **surprised**, I almost jumped out of my seat!

**"Red alert!
Red alert!
Red alert!"**





Hologramix shouted. “Captain Stiltonix, report to the **control room** immediately!”

Red alert?! Since I had become captain, there had been only **yellow alerts**! A red alert means there is a supergalactic **CRISIS**! What could have happened?!

The theater’s **lights** finally came back on. Benjamin, Bugsy Wugsy, and I **RUSHED** toward the exit and hurried to the control room. **Grandfather William Stiltonix** greeted me with his **booming**, incredibly intimidating voice.

“Grandson!” he barked. “Took you long **ENOUGH**! How can you be the captain of this spaceship if you’re never around during an **emergency**?”

“Er . . . I—I was at the **movies** . . .” I stammered.

My grandfather became even more





INFURIATED.

“The **MOVIES**?!” he squeaked. “Do you realize our ship was almost **HIT** by a comet? Thanks to your sister’s quick thinking, we still have the **fur** on our backs!”



“A c-comet?” I squeaked. “How is that possible?”

“Let me explain, Captain,” said our onboard scientist, **PROFESSOR GREENFUR**. “Our spaceship crossed the wake of comet **ALPHA 2093**, which appeared suddenly in our galaxy’s quadrant.”

“I had to **veer** at the last moment,” my sister, Thea, explained. “But I still don’t **understand** why the comet didn’t





A NEAR MISS!

show up on our alert system.”

“The comet produced a **swarm** of small particles that interfered with our instruments,” Professor Greenfur explained. “Basically, the comet caused a temporary **malfunction** in our equipment!”

Swarm?

Small particles?

Interference?

Luckily, Benjamin explained everything to me. He had taken a course in astronomy.



COMETS



Comets are made up of **ice, rocks, and dust**. When a comet comes near the sun, it heats up and becomes a glowing ball. The ice and dust change into a gas that forms a long, tail-like **trail** behind the glowing ball. Comets gradually disintegrate over time. The word **comet** comes from an ancient Greek word that means “a head with long hair.”

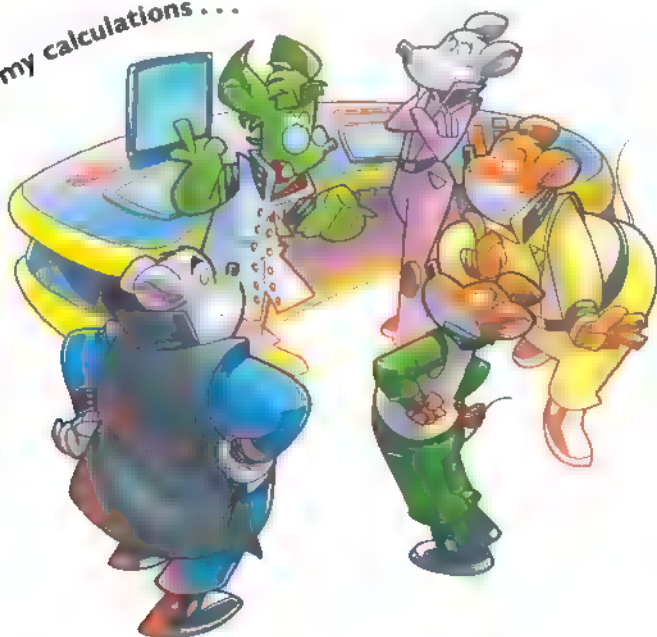


“So will the **COMET** be disintegrating soon?” I asked, proud of my newfound knowledge.

“I’m afraid not,” answered Professor Greenfur. “According to my calculations, Alpha 2093 will **disintegrate** in exactly 374 cosmic years!”

Trap clapped a paw on Thea’s back.

According to my calculations . . .





“Nice work!” he said. “Now, anyone want to **CELEBRATE** our near miss with a little snack? I don’t know about the rest of you, but I’m cosmically **hungry**!”

Yum!



I sighed. The **only** thing my cousin Trap ever seems to think about is **eating**!

“No, we can’t leave our posts just yet,” Professor Greenfur replied grimly. “We averted the **DANGER**, but another spaceship or planet could be in real **trouble**!”



WARNING: INCOMING COMET!

Professor Greenfur pressed a series of **keys**. An image of the comet appeared on the screen.

“Comets follow regular paths around the sun, just like planets,” Professor Greenfur explained. “See this **ring**? That’s the comet’s **ORBIT**. I made some quick calculations, and **look**: There’s going to be a **C A T A S T R O P H E**!”

I stared at the screen, but I didn’t know what he meant.

“Er . . . excuse me, Professor,” I said, feeling a little **embarrassed**. “But I don’t see anything dangerous here.”



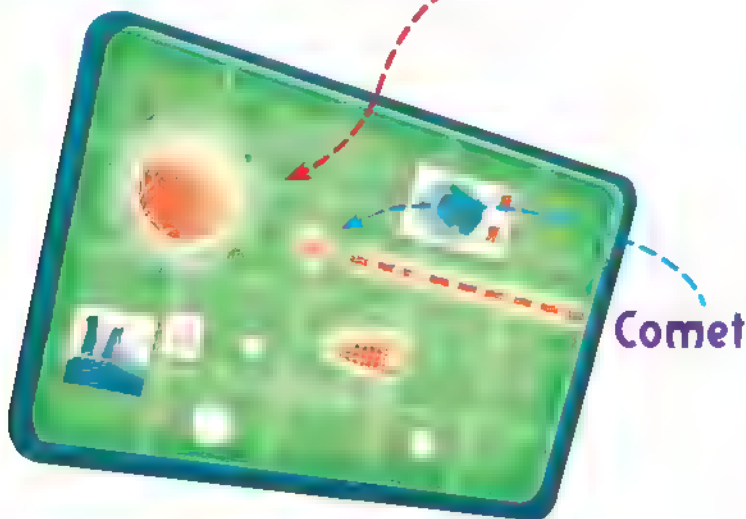


WARNING: INCOMING COMET!

Grandfather William pointed to a **reddish** planet on the map.

“**Grandson**, can’t you see that the comet’s orbit will place it in the direct path of this **PLANET?**”

“Yes, but that planet is at least **five times** bigger than the comet,” Trap pointed out. “How can that **little old comet** damage such a big **planet?**”





“Given the speed of the comet and its mass, it can do a **lot** of damage!” Professor Greenfur squeaked in **dismay**. “If you consider the friction of the atmosphere and the size, density, **velocity**, and angle of the comet, you’ll see that the planet will **EXPLODE** on impact!”

A **shiver** of fear ran from the tips of my ears down to the end of my tail.

“How long until **impact**?” I asked.

“One day, seven hours, forty-six minutes, and twenty-seven astral seconds,” the professor replied.

Black-holey galaxies! That

It will explode!





WARNING: INCOMING COMET!

wasn't much time at all!

"Is the planet **inhabited?**" I squeaked.

This time, Hologramix answered.

"Yes, it is," the computer said. "It's the planet **Jurassix**, and it's inhabited by the cosmosaurs."

An image of a **cute** little alien appeared on the screen. It had a sweet, friendly face, **LARGE** eyes, and a tail shaped like a **comma**.



From the Encyclopedia
Galactica

Planet: Jurassix

Location: Galaxy quadrant
24/765

Description: Has a dry, rocky
surface

Inhabitants: Cosmosaurs

Language spoken: Saurese





A RESCUE MISSION

“The cosmosaurs seem so nice!” Benjamin squeaked softly. “Uncle G, we **TOTALLY** have to save them!”

Bugsy Wugsy nodded her head in **agreement**.

The mouselets were right. We had to do everything in our power to save those aliens!

“Contact the **cosmosaurs** immediately!” I ordered Hologramix.

“**Negative**, Captain,” the computer answered. “According to the info in our **archives**, the cosmosaurs don’t have the technology for **intergalactic communication**.”

“I guess that means we’ll have to warn





A RESCUE MISSION

them **in the fur,**” Trap said. “And I
I volunteer! volunteer to go on the **mission!**



I’ll bet there’s something **good**
to eat on that planet, and
I want to taste all the
cosmosaur specialties!”

“That’s the **SPRIT,**
Grandson!” Grandfather
William

squeaked, clapping a paw
on Trap’s back. “But
warning them isn’t
enough. We have to
bring them on board
MOUSESTAR 1 if we
want to *save* them!”

“They can stay in the
spaceship’s spare **cabins** until we find a new
planet for them to inhabit,” Thea suggested.





“But what if the cosmosaurs don’t want to **leave** their planet?” I asked, worried. “They may be too **scared**.”

“It won’t be a **problem**, Cuz,” Trap said. “No one likes leaving his **home**, but it’s better than getting hit on the head by a **COMET**!”

Trap wasn’t wrong, but I was still **concerned**. Benjamin was hopeful, though.

“Uncle, didn’t you see what **gentle** creatures the cosmosaurs are?” he said. “I bet they’ll greet us with open paws!”

I gave in. I can never say no to my **sweet** little nephew. And we really had no other **choice**. We had to help the cosmosaurs, and we had **no time to spare**! In one day, seven hours, fourteen minutes, and thirty-three astral seconds the comet would make **impact**.





A RESCUE MISSION

“Hurry up!” Grandfather William urged us. “The cosmosaur **rescue mission** is under way!”

But before we left, we had to take care of a few problems.

First: **How would we get to Jurassix?**

“Let’s take my space shuttle,” Thea suggested. “I saw a **FLAT** area on the map where I should be able to land **easily!**”

But there was another problem: **How would we communicate with the cosmosaurs?**

“Modestly speaking, I’m programmed to speak all **3,847** known languages in the galaxy,” our multipurpose onboard robot, Robotix, declared **PROUDLY**. “Therefore, I know Saurese, the cosmosaur language.”



“Are you sure?” Trap challenged him.
“Prove it!”

Robotix then produced a series of incomprehensible **grumbling** sounds.

“What does that mean?” Trap asked.

“It means, ‘You don’t know if I can speak it or not, **Cheesehead!**’”

Robotix replied.

Everyone except Trap burst out **LAUGHING!**

Finally, there was a third problem: **Who would go on the mission?**

Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy came forward.

“Uncle, can we go?” they asked. “We’d like to join Trap and Robotix and help save the **cosmosaurs!**”





A RESCUE MISSION

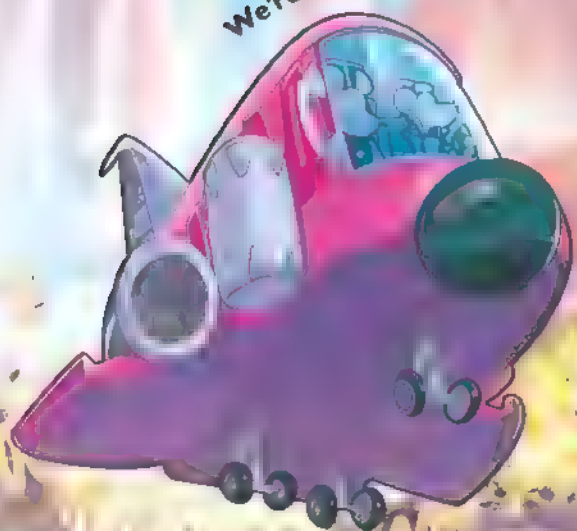
“I don’t know,” I replied, hesitating. “It could be dangerous . . .”

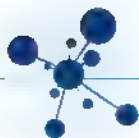
“And that’s why you will go, too, Grandson!” Grandfather’s voice boomed. “You’ll be in charge of the mission! After all, you’re the **captain**, aren’t you?”

I sighed. The **truth is**, I would have preferred to spend the day relaxing *peacefully* in my cabin, but of course I couldn’t. We were on a mission to save those **defenseless** aliens. And I was in **command**!

We **boarded** Thea’s space shuttle, and in no **time** at all we had landed on Jurassix.

We're on Jurassix!





ANYBODY HOME?

Thea's space shuttle landed in a **DESERT** on Jurassix. Trap, Robotix, Benjamin, Buggy Wugsy, and I all climbed out.

"This is where I'll pick you up," Thea told us. "I'm heading back to *MouseStar 1* to prepare for the **COSMOSAURS** arrival. See you soon!"

We watched as the space shuttle **disappeared** in the distance. We were completely **alone** on an unfamiliar planet. Which way were we supposed to go?

Stellar Swiss Cheese! Why do I always have so much **trouble** reading astral maps?

Luckily, Benjamin came to my rescue.

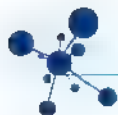


“Do you need help, **Uncle?**” he asked sweetly.

“Er, yes,” I admitted, **embarrassed**.
“Thank you!”

“This **dot** is where we are,” Benjamin said, pointing **CONFIDENTLY** to the map. “According to the map, the cosmosaur village is here. So we have to go **north!**”





ANYBODY HOME?

Bugsy Wugsy was so **EXCITED** she could barely stay in her fur.

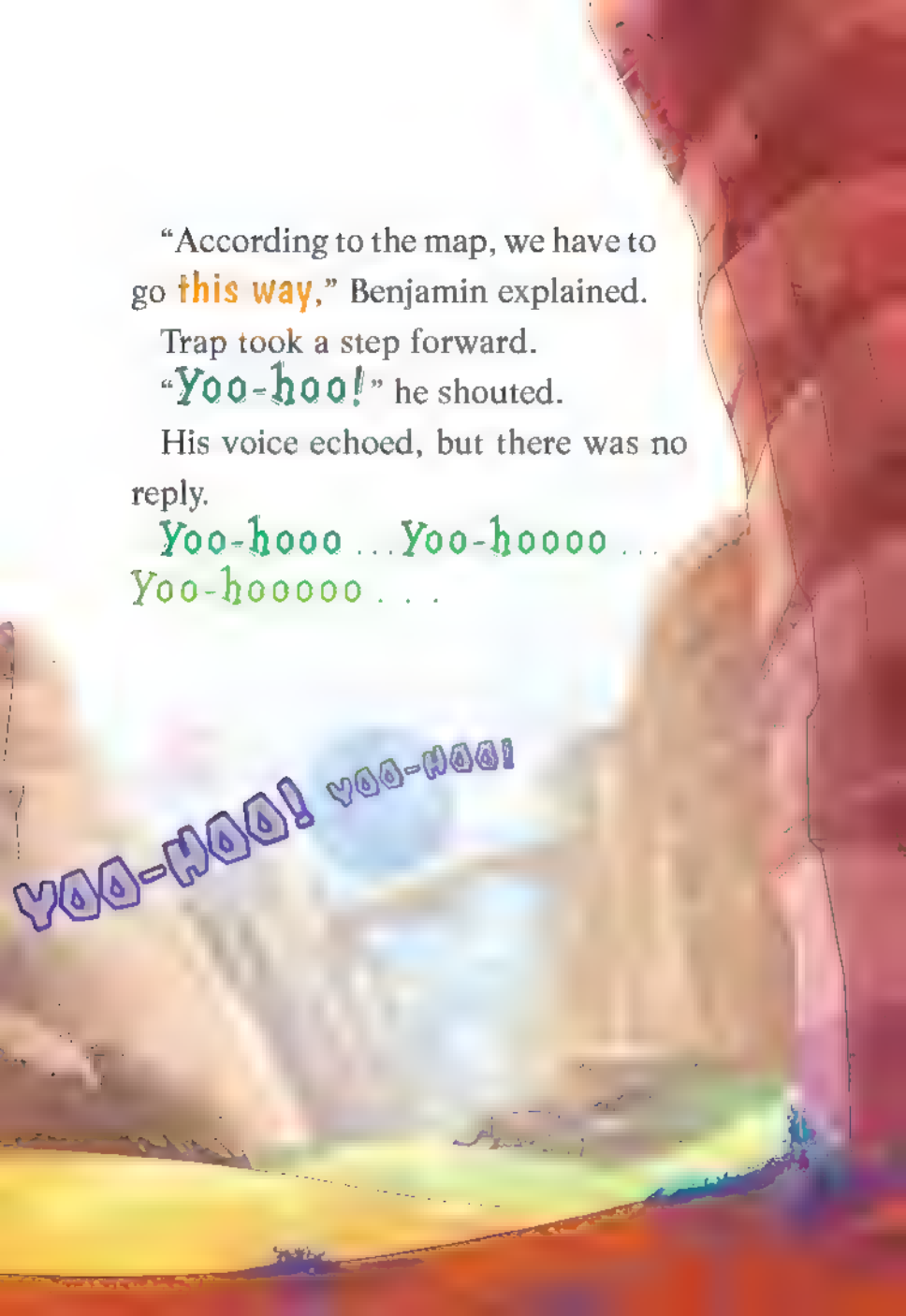
“I can’t wait to meet those **adorable** cosmosaurs!” she squeaked.

But instead of excitement, I felt a strange, **annoying** itchiness on my snout. I twitched my nose and we headed north.

After a while, we saw a narrow path between some **rocks**.

YOO-HOO!





“According to the map, we have to go **this way**,” Benjamin explained.

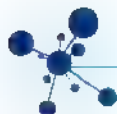
Trap took a step forward.

“**Yoo-hoo!**” he shouted.

His voice echoed, but there was no reply.

**Yoo-hooo ... Yoo-hoooo ...
Yoo-hooooo ...**

YOO-HOO! YOO-HOO!



“Anybody home?” Trap continued.

Anybody home? Anybody home?
Anybody home?

All of a sudden I had an **UNEASY** feeling.

“Stop it!” I told my cousin. “You might disturb —”

“Who?” Trap interrupted me with a **chuckle**. “Those cute little cosmosaurs?”

Suddenly, a huge **SHADOW** fell over us.

We turned and . . .

GALACTIC GORGONZOLA! A terrifying shape had appeared behind us. It had an **enormouse** face, two **tiny** arms, and a massive body that ended with a comma-shaped tail. Hey, wait a minute! It was **IDENTICAL** to the cosmosaur Hologramix had shown us, but it was much, much, much **bigger!** And it didn’t



Groooarrr!

Huh?!



seem to have a **SWEET** disposition, either. In fact, this cosmosaur was downright **scary!**

The **alien** looked at us menacingly, baring its **SHARP** fangs. Benjamin, Buggy Wugsy, and Robotix hid behind me in **fear**. Trap, on the other hand, wasn't scared at all.

"Relax!" he said calmly. "This guy is just a **little** bit bigger than we expected."

"You mean, **they're** a little bit bigger than we expected," I corrected him as three more cosmosaurs emerged from behind the rocks. The aliens **STARED** at us for a moment. Then another one bared its **fangs** and roared.

**"Groooooarrr!
Grrrrr roooooarrrg.
Grrr groooooaar!"**



IT WAS JUST A BABY!

We **followed** the cosmosaurs toward their village.

“Cousin, do you think we can **trust** them?” I whispered to Trap as we walked. “I really don’t like the way they’re **looking** at us!”

“We don’t have a **CHOICE**,” Trap replied. “We’ll have to talk to their king and explain that they are in **DANGER!**”



“Yes, of course,” I squeaked. “It’s just that . . .”

“What?”

The itch on



my snout was **worse** than ever, and I couldn't hold back.

"AH...AH...AH...ACHOO!"

I exploded into a galactic sneeze that **startled** everyone!

"Uncle, you frightened him!" Benjamin scolded me. "Try to sneeze more **QUIETLY** next time!"

"But who did I **frighten**?" I asked, perplexed.

"Him!" Benjamin replied. He pointed to a **LITTLE** cosmosaur who was scampering on the path by the rocks.

I suddenly realized our **MISTAKE**. The image of the cosmosaur we had seen on board the *MouseStar 1* had been a picture of a **baby**!

"Uncle G, can we say **hello** to him?" Buggy Wuggy asked.



IT WAS JUST A BABY!

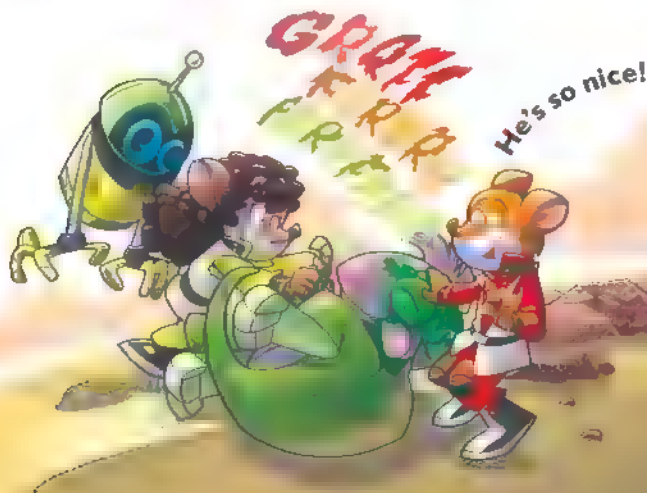
I hesitated. “Well, I suppose so,” I said.
“But be very *careful!*”

But Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy were already *running* toward the little creature. After a moment’s hesitation, the tiny alien came closer and was now letting them *scratch* his tummy!

“Look how *nice* he is!” Benjamin exclaimed.

“He’s so *sweet!*” added Bugsy Wugsy.

“Grrff frrrrr frrrrrfrrrr . . .”





“He says his name is **FRED!**” Robotix translated.

“Hi, Fred!” exclaimed Bugsy Wugsy.

The little cosmosaur **licked** Benjamin’s and Bugsy Wugsy’s faces, making them **GIGGLE** with delight.

Martian mozzarella!

The three of them had already become **friends!**

Meanwhile, Robotix and Trap were walking beside the adult **COSMOSAURS**. Unfortunately, they seemed a lot less **friendly** than the baby. I could hear Trap squeaking about food, as always.

“So, what are the **special dishes** served on your planet?” Trap asked.

The cosmosaur licked his fangs and growled to Robotix.



“‘You’ll find out soon!’” he translated. “‘To celebrate your visit, our king will have a **banquet** in your honor!’”

Trap smiled at me.

“See?” he boasted. “They’re very **POLITE**! I told you there was **nothing** to be afraid of! Robotix, tell them we’d be **HONORED** to attend their feast. And ask them what the specialty is. I’m very **CURIOUS**!”

As soon as Robotix finished translating, the cosmosaurs burst out **LAUGHING**. Trap and I **LOOKED** at each other, perplexed. What was so **funny**?



BOW TO THE KING!

A few minutes later, we **ARRIVED** in a circular clearing with a **small lake** at its center. All around us were high rocks with caves opening onto the clearing. There were signs hanging all around, which Robotix translated. One read, "**CLAW SHARPENING**" and another read, "**SPEAR TRAINING.**"

Squeak! For some reason, that place really gave me the creeps!

On one side of the clearing an enormous cosmosaur looked down from a **HUGE** stone throne.

"Could that be their **KING**?" Trap asked me.





Grrrr**

Hmm...

Arrrr!***

SPEAR
TRAINING

**What do you want?

***Let's see what you can do!



I took a better look and saw that the alien on the throne was wearing a crown of **little bones** on his head! A **shiver** ran down my fur . . .

The cosmosaur got up and addressed us through Robotix.

*Mmmmm . . . “I am King Rex the Sixteenth,” he said. “Welcome to *Jurassix*. I’m so pleased to see foreigners who are so **HEALTHY** and **PLUMP!**”

“What does that mean?” Trap grumbled. “I went on a **diet** last week!”

“My name is **Captain Stiltonix**,” I replied slowly so my squeak wouldn’t **shake** with fear. “My friends and I come from the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. We are



here on a **rescue mission**. A comet is heading this way! It will **destroy** your planet in exactly one day!”

“That’s *impossible!*” the king roared. “In one day is the **Feast of the Hot Sun!**”

“Er, okay,” I replied. “I’m not sure what that is, but you really must **evacuate** Jurassix as soon as possible! One of our **space shuttles** is ready to —”

“That’s enough!” the king interrupted me with a growl. “This conversation is **BORING** me!”

“Er, maybe the captain didn’t explain himself thoroughly,” Trap piped up. “The comet is on a **trajectory** that will cross your planet’s orbit. You have to *leave* here immediately!”

“And where should we go, **mouse?**” the king asked **indignantly**.



“F-for now, you could be guests on our ship,” I replied hesitantly. I really didn’t **TRUST** this king! “But we will definitely help you find another planet to live on.”

The king seemed **INTRIGUED** by my offer.

“Another planet?” he said thoughtfully. “Well, well. It would be **INTERESTING** to have two planets at one’s disposal instead of just one. I’ll think about it!”

Then he ordered us to leave.

Trap and I **LOOKED** at each other, perplexed. Was it possible the cosmosaur didn’t understand the **danger** he and his fellow aliens were in?

“I’m afraid you can’t **think** about it,” I squeaked timidly. “You have to act **right now** if—”

“Enough!” The king roared, baring his fangs. “I give the commands around here!



And I command that the **Feast of the Hot Sun** will go on whether the planet is destroyed or not! *Subject closed!*

The rest of the cosmosaurs roared in approval. The king gestured for silence.

“Now, take our, er, guests away!” he ordered. “I have to **rest**. Tomorrow we will have a banquet of . . . what did you say you were again? Ah, yes — roasted **spacemice!**”

Wh-what? Had I heard him correctly? A banquet of roasted spacemice?!

“Are you sure you translated that correctly?” I asked Robotix. “We’re here to save them and they want to **eat** us? There must be a **mistake!**”

“No, that’s what he said,” the little robot answered **irritably**. “I don’t make mistakes, Captain!”

Trap and I exchanged a glance. In a split



second, I made a **decision**.

"We have to ruuuuuun!" I shouted.

Trap and I grabbed Benjamin's and Bugsy Wugsy's paws and **ran**. Robotix followed close behind us. But in no time, a cosmosaur **grabbed** us and pulled us into one of the caves. Then he ordered two other cosmosaurs to stand in front of the cave and keep us from **escaping**!

MOUSEY METEORITES! We were done for!





AH . . . AH . . . ACHOO!

I began to **TREMBLE** from the tips of my ears to the end of my tail. We were **prisoners** of aliens who wanted to gobble us up, and there was a **COMET** headed straight for us!

“Uncle?” Benjamin’s voice interrupted my thoughts. “What are we going to do now?”

At that exact moment, my wrist phone **beeped!** It was Thea calling from *MouseStar 1!*

“Come in, Captain,” she said. “How’s the mission going? Have you warned the **COSMOSAURS?**”

“You could say that,” I replied. “We **warned** them, and they **captured** us!”



“Captured?!” Thea gasped. “But why?”

“Well, it turns out the cosmosaurs aren’t **CUTE** and *cuddly* like we thought. They’re enormouse and hungry, and they want to **ROAST** and **eat** us!”

“What?!” Thea replied. “That means something’s wrong with the **ENCYCLOPEDIA GALACTICA**. And it’s the **captain’s** duty to make sure we’re using the most **updated** version.”

Huh?! The captain’s duty? **OOPS**.

“Um, well, I guess I **FORGOT** to do that . . .”
I muttered under my whiskers.

“So we **ventured** to this planet thinking we’d find friendly aliens, and instead we found mice-munching **MONSTERS!**”
Trap squeaked angrily.

My snout turned bright **red** with embarrassment. This mess was **all my fault!**

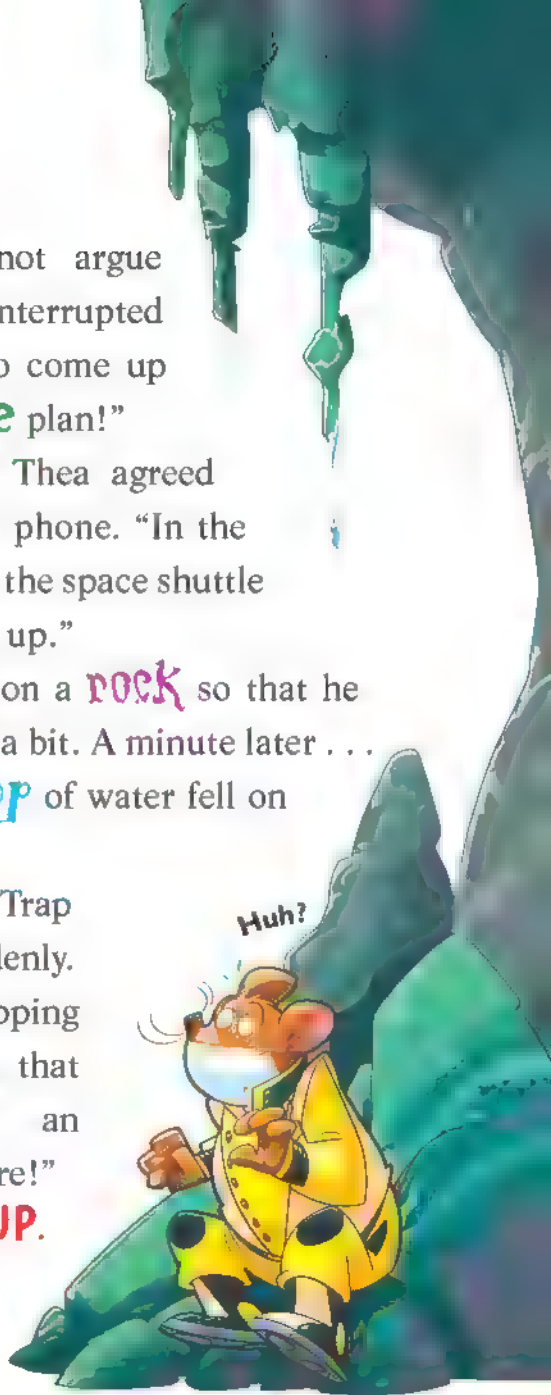
"Please, let's not argue now," Benjamin interrupted us. "We've got to come up with an **escape** plan!"

"That's right!" Thea agreed through my wrist phone. "In the meantime, I'll get the space shuttle ready to pick you up."

Trap sat down on a **rock** so that he could calm down a bit. A minute later . . . **drriiiip!** A **drop** of water fell on his head.

"That's it!" Trap exclaimed suddenly. "If water is dripping from the ceiling, that means there's an **opening** somewhere!"

We all looked **UP**.





AH . . . AH . . . ACHOO!

There was a tiny hole in the wall of the cave where water and a feeble **flicker** of light came through.

“Yes!” cheered Trap. “We can get out!”

“But how?” Benjamin protested. “That hole is so **HIGH**.”

“I’ll take care of it!” Robotix said proudly. “This is a job for a highly **advanced** robotic being. Namely, me!”

He took out a propeller, activated the flight mode, and lifted himself up a couple of inches from the **ground**.

“I’ll go up first,” he explained. “Then I’ll lift each of you up with my **MECHANICAL ARMS!**”

That sounded **perfect!** It was an excellent plan, except for the fact that right at that moment . . .

“Ah . . . ah . . . achoo!”



I exploded in a huge **sneeze**. Then I lost my **BALANCE** and landed right on top of the little robot.

CRUNCH!

Robotix tipped over and his propeller blade **cracked!**

“Geronimo!” Trap **moaned**. “Look what you just did!”

“I’m so sorry,” I **whispered**.

“When my snout **ITCHES**





like that, I just can't control myself!"

As if that weren't enough, my galactic sneeze had attracted the **ATTENTION** of the two cosmosaurs at the entrance to the cave. They turned toward us **menacingly**.

"What's going on in there?" they asked. (Robotix continued to **translate** for us.)

"Oh, **nothing**," I replied nonchalantly. "We're just **EXERCISING** a bit!"

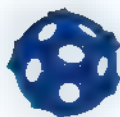
But the two **COSMOSAURS** didn't buy it.

"Yeah?" one of them replied. "Well, we think you were trying to **escape**!"

The other one pointed to the hole at the **top** of the cave.

Holey craters! They were on to us!

One of them immediately rolled a giant **boulder** in front of the hole. Then the aliens sat in front of the entrance to the cave and began to **SNORE**.



I'LL CATCH YOU!

When **DARKNESS** fell, Benjamin turned on the **light** on his wrist phone.

“Luckily, we’ve got these,” he squeaked.

The beam of light **lit up** the cave wall, illuminating the den where we were being held **captive**. I, too, lit my wrist phone, but I aimed it in the wrong **DIRECTION**. Instead of the wall, the light hit my snout, **blinding** me for a second!

I **staggered** around the cave,





accidentally **flashing** the light all around me.

“Be careful, Uncle G!” Benjamin warned.
“You’re going to wake up the cosmosaurs!”

But it was too **late**.

The two aliens guarding the cave opened their **eyes**. We cowered in **fear**, wondering what they would do **NEXT**. But they didn’t even seem to **notice** us! Instead, they focused on the beam of light. Then they stretched out their sharp claws and tried to **catch** it!

“What are they doing?” Trap whispered.

STELLAR SWISS!

I didn’t have a **clue**!

“It looks like they’re **attracted** to the light,” I replied.

“That’s it!” Buggy Wuggy squeaked. “We can use the **light** to escape!”



“What do you mean?” I asked, perplexed.

“I get it!” Benjamin said, pointing his wrist phone’s **LIGHT** at a spot on the wall near the two cosmosaurs. The aliens got up and began **CHASING** after the light.

“They follow the light as if it’s **prey**,” Buggy Wuggy explained.

Galactic Gergonzolat

Now I understood! We could trick the aliens into following the light around instead of **guarding** the entrance to the cave. Then we would be able to **slip** past them!

Without losing a moment, we put our plan into **ACTION**. We activated the light on one of our wrist phones and attached it to a **rool** hanging from the cave’s ceiling.

The **beam** of light reached the ground beyond the entrance to the cave! The first



I'LL CATCH YOU!

cosmosaur ran after the **light**, and soon the second alien followed the first. Quickly and **quietly** as mice, we scampered out of the cave undisturbed.





RUN, GERONIMO, RUN!

As soon as we had escaped, I called Thea.

"We got away!"

"Stellar Swiss, that's great!" she exclaimed.

"I'll wait for you with my shuttle at the same

SPOT I left you!"

We followed the directions on the map and hightailed it down the **rocky** path. In seconds I was out of breath, my legs

burned, and my paws were so heavy it felt as if I was running on two wheels of

**melted Martian
cheese.**





I didn't think I would be able to make it back to the shuttle! But then I heard Benjamin's sweet voice **encouraging** me.

"Just a little farther, Uncle!" he squeaked helpfully. "We're almost there. *Look!*"

There it was! Thea's shuttle was waiting for us. The hatch was **open** and the engine was **running**! We were saved!

But suddenly a **strange** feeling washed over me, setting my **fur** on edge. I felt as though someone — or something — was **WATCHING** us. **How weird.**

I looked to my right as I ran, but there was nothing there. Still, I felt the strange presence. **very weird.**

Then I looked left, but there was still nothing. **very, very weird.**

Finally, I glanced behind me. **HOLEY**




CRATERS! A pair of **bright** yellow eyes was staring right at me.

Wait a minute — it wasn't just **one** pair of eyes. No, there were **TEN** pairs!

Martian mozzarella! That's **twenty** eyes!

With what little breath I had left, I **shouted** to my friends.

"The cosmosaurs . . . **PUFF** . . . are right . . . **pant** . . . behind us!" I yelled. "Run as fast as you **CAAAAAN!**"

There was only one small **hill** between me and the shuttle. But I could feel a cosmosaur's **hot** breath on my fur. The alien was trying to **bite** my tail! I began running in a **zigzag**  so he wouldn't **catch** me.

Meanwhile, Trap, Benjamin, Buggy Wugsy, and Robotix had already climbed **safely** inside the shuttle. They **cheered** me on,



Grrrr Grrr... *

Roarrrr Groar! **

If I watch you...

You're done for, now!



Run, Geronimo, run!

Heeeelp!

Grrrrr Roarrr! ***

*** You're off limits! ***



but I was losing steam. I turned for a second and saw the **sharp**, pointy fangs of the cosmosaur right **BEHIND** me. I thought I was a goner for sure!

Then things got even **worse**!

I felt a little **tickle** on my snout, just below my whiskers. A second later . . .

"AAAAAAAAACHOOOOO!"

The force of the sneeze made me close my eyes, and I **tripped** on a rock. Luckily, I went flying forward and sailed through the shuttle's **open** hatch. I was **saved**!

As soon as I realized my fur was safe at last, you guessed it — I **fainted**!



NEVER GIVE UP!

When I woke up, we were back on board **MOUSESTAR 1**.

"Mmmm," I murmured. "What's that delicious smell?"

"It's Cook Squizzly's **galactic Gorgonzola** extract!" Trap explained. "I told him if he held the bottle open under your nose, you'd come to **immediately!**"

"Are you okay, Uncle G?" Benjamin asked worriedly.

"Now that we're all **safe**, I'm fine," I exclaimed as I gave my nephew a big hug. "I just gave myself a bit of a **bump!**"

I touched the **LUMP** on the top of my head.





“Whew!” I sighed. “We had a close call losing those — **Aaaaaachooo!**”

I exploded into a cosmic sneeze.

“That’s the same kind of sneeze I had on planet Jurassix,” I mused. “**How weird!**”

“Not really,” Trap chuckled. “It’s clear, dear cousin, that you are **allergic** to Jurassix rock moss!”

“That can’t be!” I replied. “There’s no **moss** here.”

Trap smiled and **pointed** behind me.

“There’s no **moss**, but there’s one of **those**,” he said. “Maybe he’s got some moss stuck in his **claws!**”

I turned around to see the cosmosaur that had been chasing me sitting in the corner!

“**Arrrrgh!**” I squeaked. “**Heelp! Run!**”

“Calm down, Geronimo!” Trap said. “Can’t you see he’s **sound asleep?**”



I wasn't convinced, so I approached him **slowly**. As I got closer, I saw he was tied up with a **thick** rope. I pulled his tail, but the alien didn't move! However, I began to sneeze all over again!

"Ah . . . ah . . . achoooo!"

Then I asked, "What's he doing here?"

"When you **flew** into the shuttle, Thea immediately closed the hatch, but he had already jumped inside after you, **smacking** his head against the wall!" Benjamin explained.

What's he doing here?

ZZZZZZZZZZ . . .





“And just like you, he fainted on the spot!” Buggy Wugsy added with a giggle.

“B-but what happens if he wakes up?” I asked, my whiskers **shaking**.

“Can’t you see we **tied** him up so tight he can’t get away?” Trap asked.

I breathed a huge **sigh** of relief. But a moment later, Benjamin reminded us that we still had a **big** problem. In fact, it was **comet-sized**!

“We still haven’t completed our mission,” Benjamin said. “Even though the cosmosaurs wanted to **eat** us, we can’t let them be smashed by that comet.”

“And besides, our friend **FRED** is still on Jurassix,” Buggy Wugsy added.

I sighed. I thought about that sweet baby cosmosaur and knew we had to **do** something. **BUT WHAT?**

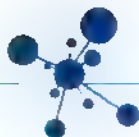


“You’re right!” I told my nephew and his friend. “**We have to find a solution!**”

Grandfather William cleared his throat from across the room.

“Good for you, Grandson!” he squeaked. “For once you said the right thing! *Spacemice* never give up! It’s our duty to help any inhabitants in the galaxy who are in **danger**, even if they are less than **friendly!**”

His words **cheered** us and gave us courage. We weren’t going to **giVE UP!**



WHAT CAN WE DO?

Suddenly, I heard a **noise** in the background.

"Trap, did you say **something**?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I didn't say a **thing**!"
"Grrrrrrrowl . . ."

"What was that, Benjamin?" I asked.

"Nothing, Uncle!"

"Grrrrrrroowwwl . . ."

My whiskers quivered. **Solar-smoked Gouda!** The cosmosaur was awake!

I asked Robotix to translate for me.

"Er . . . Hello, c-cosmosaur," I squeaked **nervously**. "You are on the



spaceship *MouseStar 1.*"

**"Grrrrrrrowl rooooooarrrr
grrrrrrroowl groarrr!"**

"He says if he gets free, he'll eat everyone up!" Robotix translated.

Gulp! I swallowed and continued anyway.

"Well, uh, as I was saying, you don't have to be frightened because—"

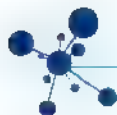
"Grrrrrowl rooooooarrrr!"
he said, interrupting me.

I turned toward Robotix.

"He says we're the ones who should be trembling with **FRIGHT!**" the robot said.

"Well, okay, but





perhaps you **misunderstood**,” I tried again. “We came to your planet to help you —”

“Grrrrrrrrrrrowl
roooooarrrrrr
grrrrroowl!”

“He says to take him back to Jurassix now, or we’ll be in **deep** trouble!”

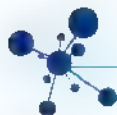
“These cosmosaurs are so **stubborn**!” I said with a sigh. “Hologramix, activate external visualization!”

An image appeared on the screen **immediately**.

“That’s your planet right there,” I explained **patiently**. “See that comet? It’s **zoomiNe** toward Jurassix! It’s going to **crash** right into your planet! If you’d just **relax** for



See that come!



a moment, you'd see that we're only trying to *help* you."

The alien stopped **fidgeting** instantly and stared at us. Maybe he **finally** understood the danger his fellow cosmosaurs were in!

"**Growl** . . ." he whispered softly.

"He says he's sorry . . ." Robotix translated.

"**Grrr. Prrr prrr.**"

"His name is Reginald, and he wants to work with us to **SAVE** his fellow aliens!"

We agreed to free Reginald if he promised not to **eat** us. Then we went to find Sally de Wrench, the ship's official mechanic. She's a truly **clever** rodent who always has great **ideas**. She's also one of the nicest rodents on board the *MouseStar 1!*

Sally wanted to calculate the **trajectory** of the comet down to the tiniest detail. She



thought that might give us some ideas as to how we could **STOP** it. But we were running out of **time**. We had to get the other cosmosaurs off Jurassix, and we had to do it **quickly**!

“Why don’t we go back to Jurassix with Reginald?” Benjamin suggested. “He’ll **CONVINCE** everyone there that they have to follow us onto our spaceship if they want to **survive**!”

Thea shook her head.

“There’s no time to **transport** them all,” she explained. “They’re too **LARGE**! We would need to make at least **ten** trips on the space shuttle, and we only have six hours left before the comet’s **Impact**! We’ll never make it!”

“So what in **space** are we going to do?” I asked. We were out of **ideas**, and almost out of **TIME**!



I HAVE THE SOLUTION!

Suddenly, a commotion behind us got our attention. **PROFESSOR GREENFUR** had just come running into the **control room**.

“Professor, where have you been?” Trap asked him. “We could really use your **help**.”

“I was in my **laboratory** making some calculations,” the scientist explained as he caught his breath. “I have the solution that will save the cosmosaurs!”

We all gasped. What **fabumouse** news!

“Well, what is it?” I asked, eagerly awaiting his reply.

“We need to calculate the speed of the **comet** and its rocky mass and compare



it with the dimensions of our **spaceship**. Then we have to multiply the **power** of our engines by the force of the comet, divide by the **length** of the hangar, and—”

As usual, I didn't have a **clue** what he was squeaking about!

“Er, Professor, we're in a bit of a hurry,” I said, interrupting him. “What's the solution?”

He looked me right in the snout.





I HAVE THE SOLUTION!

“Well, it’s **obvious**, isn’t it?” he said.
“We need to seize the comet and **shift** its trajectory!”

Trap burst out **laughing**.

“That’s funny!” he **guffawed**. “And how are we going to grab and **shift** a comet?”

Before Professor Greenfur could answer, Sally squeaked up.

“But of course!” she cried. “We’ll use a huge **space net**!”

“Exactly!” Professor Greenfur confirmed.
“**THEA** will take *MouseStar 1* as close as possible to the comet so that **SALLY** can launch the space net. Once the **comet** is harnessed to our ship, we’ll set our **engines** on warp speed so we can move its trajectory to exactly 7.64921 degrees! After that, we can set it free to follow its own course.”

“But where will the comet go?” Benjamin



asked **dubiously**.

Professor Greenfur tapped the control panel and an image of a **bleak**, **isolated** asteroid appeared on the screen.

"The comet will head toward the asteroid Solitarius, which is completely devoid of life. Then there will be a **galactic** explosion!"

"Okay, spacemice!" Grandfather William exclaimed. "Everyone, get to your posts. Let's start operation rescue!"

"**Grrrrrrrrrrroowl!**" Reginald said.

We didn't need a translation to understand that he was very **happy** with our new idea!





CAST THE SPACE NET!

Thea immediately began planning the complicated maneuver of getting **near** the comet. First she double-checked the **coordinates** Professor Greenfur had provided. Then she began to fly the *MouseStar 1* straight toward the comet!

From the control room, I looked out the **window** and saw the comet right in front of us. Its **smoky halo** and **silvery tail** were truly beautiful. We moved closer and closer, until suddenly the ship came to a halt with a **jolt**.

Beep! Beeeeep! Beeeeep!

An alarm sounded.



“Why did we stop, Thea?” I asked, worried.

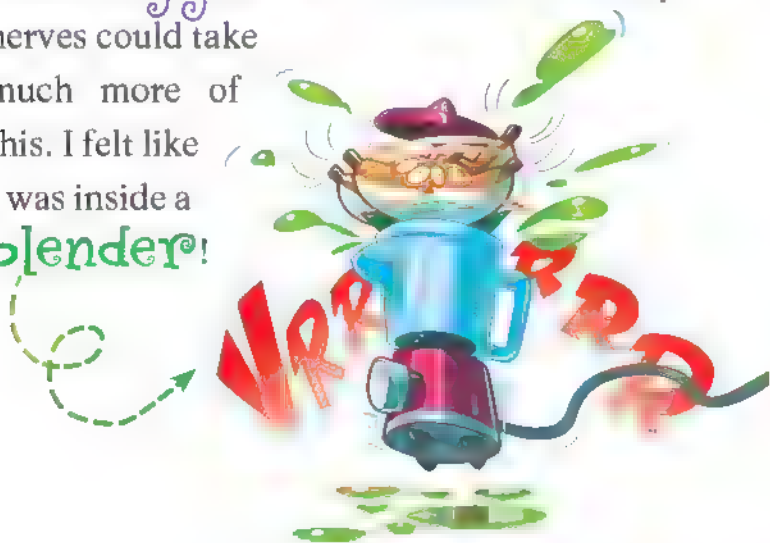
“We’re getting too *close* to the comet, Captain,” she replied. “From now on, I’ll have to proceed with manual controls. Otherwise our ship might be *damaged*!”

A second later, Thea began *guiding* the *MouseStar 1* manually. Suddenly, the ship began to *tremble*.

“Wh-what’s happening now?” I squeaked. *Black-hole galaxies* . . . I wasn’t sure my nerves could take

much more of this. I felt like

I was inside a *blender*!





“We’re experiencing some **turbulence** due to our proximity to the comet,” Thea replied. “But everything’s under **control!**”

I trusted my sister completely, but I really hoped the **SHAKING** would stop soon!

“Activate the *position stabilizers!*” Thea squeaked.

The situation improved instantly, and the turbulence became just a mild **vibration**.

“We’ll have to be quick!” Thea said, a **worried** look on her snout. “It’s difficult to stay this **close** to the comet for long. Plus the stabilizers use a lot of **ENERGY!** Let’s go ahead and cast the **space net!**”



3...2...1... CAST OFF!

Sally was already in position. She began the countdown:

"5...4...3...2...
1...CAST OFF!"

We watched the space net *fly* toward the comet, its *superstellar* cable tethering it to our ship. The launch seemed to have gone well, but I waited for Sally to give me the *signal*.

"The launch has . . . *failed!*" Sally squeaked. "I repeat: The space net *did not* reach the comet."

Martian mozzarella!
What a disappointment!



3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . . **CAST OFF!**

We were all upset by the news, but Reginald was especially distraught.

“**Grooooooar**,” he moaned **unhappily**.

“We’ll try **again**,” Trap reassured him. “You’ll see. This time we’ll do it!”

“Recover the **net**!” I ordered. “Prepare for the **second** launch!”

We held our breath as Sally prepared to launch the net again.

Thea realigned the *MouseStar 1* with the comet and began the countdown:

**“5 . . . 4 . . . 3 . . . 2 . . . 1 . . .
Cast Off!”**

Sally cast the net.

We watched the net fly out again, waiting with **QUIVERING** whiskers for Sally’s word.

“The launch has **failed**!” Sally said. “I repeat: The launch has **failed**!”



The command room grew very **QUIET**. Then Reginald burst out in a **desperate** moan. I ran to **CONSOLE** him. He hugged me tightly and began to cry, **spurting** tears like a fountain. In less than a minute, my uniform was sopping **wet**.





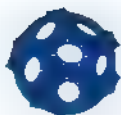
I couldn't believe that just a few hours earlier, Reginald had been about to **eat** me for lunch!

"So, what do we do **NOW**?" Benjamin asked quietly.

"There's got to be another way to shift that **PESKY** comet!" Buggy Wugsy replied, a **determined** look on her snout.

Professor Greenfur looked at the mouselets and then rested his gaze on me.

"Captain, there is one other possibility," he said seriously. "We can secure the net **MANUALLY!**"



THE LAST RESORT

There are times when the captain has to show he's a real **leader**. At these times, everyone counts on the captain to make the right decision in a **stressful** situation.

This was one of those times!

"GRANDSON!" my grandfather barked.

"WHY" are you still standing there?

Take action!

Hurry up and put on your **spacesuit**.

We have a planet to save! Snap to it!

Take action!





Snap! **Sñaaaaaap!**

Grandfather William's **booming** voice penetrated my thoughts.

"Got it, Grandson?" he shouted again.

Of course I got it! The only way to save **Jurassix** from destruction was for me to fly out **into space** and manually harness the net around the comet. And everything had to be done incredibly **QUICKLY** because the comet was going to **CRASH** into Jurassix in less than an **hour**!

I knew what I had to do, but truth be told, I was **scared**. I would have to go out into deep space all by **MYSELF**!

Luckily, Thea seemed to sense my **fear**.

"Okay, I'm ready," she announced **calmly**.
"I'm going with you, Geronimo!"

What a **brave** and **courageous** sister I had! Still, I continued to **tremble**



with fear. The mission in space was going to be very, very **dangerous!**

“Uncle, we have **FaiTh** in you!” squeaked a **reassuring** little voice. It was Benjamin, of course. “You’re the best uncle in the whole **universe!**”

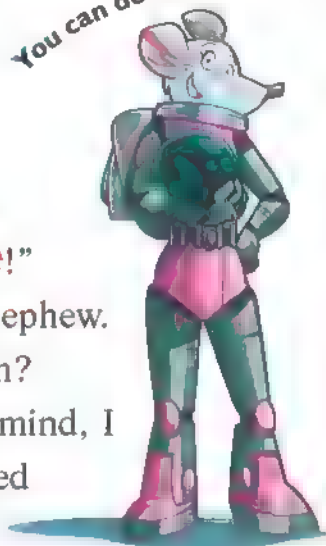
Ahhh, my sweet little nephew. What would I do without him?

Before I could change my mind, I put on my spacesuit and headed toward the exit **hatch.**

Just as I was about to open the door, I felt a **HUGE** claw clamp down on my shoulder. I turned and saw an enormouse tear **SLiDiNg** down Reginald’s worried face.

“Grrooowl roar frrrr!”

You can do it, Ger!





THE LAST RESORT



Growl!*

*I'm sorry!

“He says he’s moved by the great **risk** you are taking to save his planet,” Robotix translated. “Also, he’s sorry he tried to **eat** you.”

I smiled at him. “Well, we all make mistakes!”



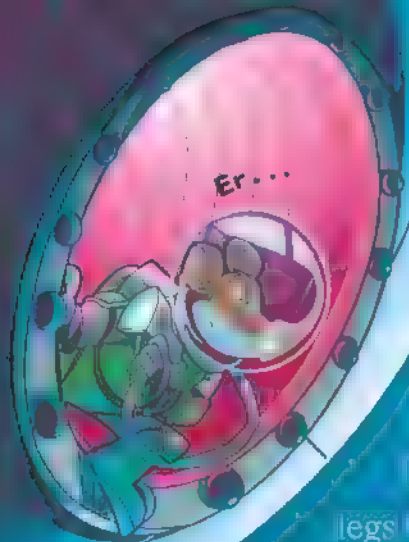


A WALK IN SPACE

When the **hatch** first opened, I was paralyzed with fear. The comet was right in front of me, but beyond that was **outer space**! As a spacemouse, I had gone through six galactic months of training to learn how to use my **special** spacesuit, how to **WALK** and **float** in space, and even how to make **basic** repairs to the *MouseStar 1*. But it had been a long time since I had gone through training. Now that I needed to use those **skills**, I couldn't remember a **thing**!

I heard a **voice** through my helmet's headphones.

"Hurry up, Geronimo," Thea squeaked.



"JUMP!"

"O-okay, I'm coming!" I tried to sound **confident**,

but I was so scared my legs felt as soft as **bric**.

I took a **deep** breath and jumped into space! Then I activated

the small motor on my spacesuit that would allow me to **move** around.

But when I pushed the button, I **jolted** forward, losing my balance. Suddenly, I was hanging **upside down**!

Solar-smoked clouds!

I couldn't turn around!

"Ger, what are you doing?" Thea asked.

Jump, Ger!





"To regain your **equilibrium**, you just have to **MOVE** your arms!"

I began **flapping** my arms and legs like crazy. After a lot of effort, I finally got back into a **vertical** position. Then Thea and I moved toward the comet together. But a moment later, I found myself inside a **cloud** of stardust. I couldn't even **see** my own whiskers!



Galactic Gorgonzola!

I was lost in space!

"Thea, where are you?" I shouted into my space helmet.

"I'm right in front of you," she replied. "Don't you **see** me?"

Come **forward** slowly!"

S L O W L Y ? That

was easier said

than done!

I could

barely hold myself upright, much less

control my speed.

In fact, I inadvertently

turned up the speed of

the motor in my spacesuit.

I **took off** like a bolt of lightning and smacked right into my sister!





"OOOF! SORRY!"

"Well, at least we found each other," Thea said. "From now on, hold on to me. We can't afford to **lose** each other!"

A few minutes later, we found ourselves right in front of the **ENORMOUSE** comet.

"Take out the space net," Thea instructed me. "We're close enough to launch it now!"

I turned and saw that the comet was very, very close to **Jurassic**.

"I hope this works," I whispered to myself, crossing my paws for good **luck**.





A SPECK OF MOSS DUST

Thea and I floated on either side of the comet, ready to **launch** the space net.

“We’re almost there, Ger!” Thea said. “I’ll throw the net around the comet, and you’ll have to tighten it —”

Zzzzaaap!

Suddenly, sparks shot out of the **comet**. One of them hit Thea, and she dropped the net. I was able to retrieve it quickly, but Thea wasn’t responding. She had **fainted!** I shook her and shook her until she came to.

“Would you please stop **shaking** me



like a cream cheese milkshake?" she said in a wobbly voice.

I breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"I'm so glad you're **OKAY!**" I replied. "You gave me a real **galactic** fright!"

"I'm okay, except my paws feel a little **numb**," she admitted. "I must have gotten too close to the comet and been **hit** by the sparks."

"I have to take you right back to the **MOUSESTAR 1!**" I told her.

"No," Thea said firmly. "We don't have time. You must get the net on the comet **quickly**. Otherwise everything we've done so far is for nothing! **Come on!**"

I SIGHED.

I knew my sister was right. But would I be able to do it by **myself**? I thought again of Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy, and of



Reginald's **big**,
worried eyes. There
was no question about it.

It was up to me to **save the planet!**

I couldn't possibly let the spacemice—or the cosmosaurs—down. So I picked up the space net once more, **shook** it out, and tried to center it on the comet. But I lost my equilibrium and began **rolling** around again!

"Be strong, Ger," Thea said encouragingly. "You can do it!"

She was right. I **could** do it! I managed to stop **spinning**. Then I gathered all my **strength** and picked up the space



net. Suddenly, what looked like a **tiny** speck of Jurassix moss dust floated in front of me and landed on my nose. I felt the usual **ITCH**...

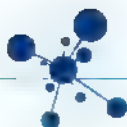
“Oh no!” I squeaked. **“No, no, no. Not now!”**

“Aaaaaachooooo!”

The sneeze made me lose my balance **again!** I started rolling head over tail. When I regained control, I couldn't believe my **eyes**. The comet was perfectly wrapped and harnessed inside the space net!

“You rock, Ger!” Thea exclaimed. “That was *perfectly executed!* Now let's get back to the space shuttle. We have a comet to tow away from Jurassix!”

I took Thea's arm. Then we followed the safety **CABLE** all the way back to *MouseStar 1*.

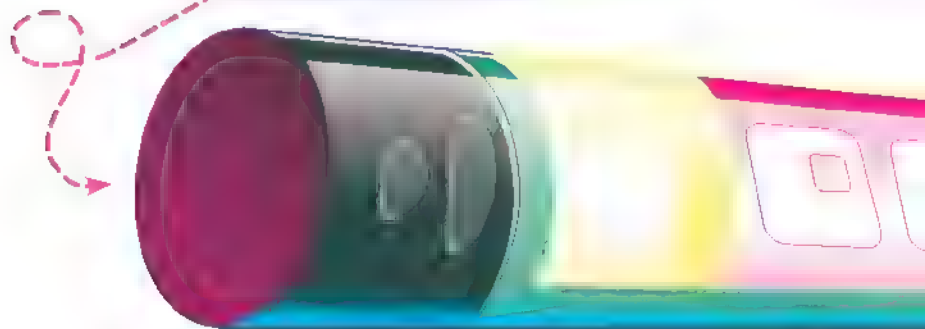


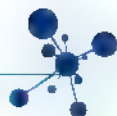
ENGINES ON! FULL SPEED AHEAD!

When our **paws** were firmly planted back on the *MouseStar 1*, we were greeted with a big **cheer**. But the mission wasn't complete yet: We still had to **tow the comet** away from Jurassix.

"Spacemice, to your posts!" I ordered. "There's no time to **lose**! Engines on! Full speed ahead!"

The **D I S P L A Y** signaled that





we had exactly **four minutes and fifty-two seconds** before the comet **crashed** into Jurassix!

“Roger that, Captain!” Thea replied.

Then she revved up the engines to full speed. We looked out the window and saw that the net was **stretching**! Would it hold?

What if the comet was too **heavy** for the *MouseStar 1* to move?

What if the professor had made a **MISTAKE** in his calculations?

What If . . .

Suddenly, the ship began to **inch forward** . . .

But Professor Greenfur was worried.



Black-hole galaxies!

Everything began to **tremble**! I held on tightly to my seat so I wouldn't **roll** to the floor! The comet was now very, very close to Jurassix. The countdown clock showed just **one minute** remaining before impact.

Then **fifty seconds**!

Forty ... thirty ...

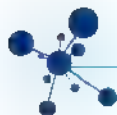
Twenty ... ten ...

VFFFFFFBOMMMM!

nnnn!

7





MouseStar 1 suddenly **accelerated**, pulling the comet along with it. Then the comet began to **Spin**. At that point, we released the space **net**. The comet moved away from us like an enormouse top, **whirling** wildly toward the asteroid Solitarius.

"In a few minutes, the comet will **hit** Solitarius," Professor Greenfur announced. "Come, **look!**"

We all held our breath as we looked out the window, waiting for the comet and the asteroid to **collide**.

BOOOOOOMMM!

A golden cloud of **space dust** rose from the collision as thousands of sparks streaked across space.



Wow! What a show!

It was as if we were watching an exhibition of interplanetary **fireworks!**

“Uncle G, this is even better than a **5-D mega mouserific movie**, isn’t it?” Benjamin whispered as he hugged me tightly.

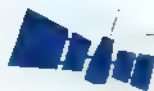
“It sure is!” I answered my little nephew with a **SMILE**.

I had already **forgotten** that this entire adventure had started just one day ago at the movie theater. So much had happened since then that it seemed as if an entire lunar century had gone by. But most important, we had **accomplished** our goal: **Jurassix was finally safe!**



Mission accomplished!





PUT YOUR PAW HERE!

Thea slowed **MOUSESTAR 1'S** engines.
Mission accomplished! We had done it. We
hugged one another **happily**.

Robotix and I approached Reginald.

"We did it," I told him. "Your planet is
safe!"

He looked at me suspiciously.

"Grrrowlll frooar?" he roared **softly**.

"He's asking if you're sure," translated
Robotix.

"Absolutely!" I replied, smiling at him.
"The **comet** will no longer be a danger
to anyone!"

The cosmosaur breathed a **SIGH** of relief.

“Spacemice, you’ve saved my planet,” he said through Robotix. “You’re **awesome!** Put your **paŵ** here!”

He took my paw and **squeezed** it so hard he almost **CRUSHED** it!

Thea turned the ship and headed to Jurassix to take Reginald home. This time, the **COSMOSAURS** welcomed us like heroes. They had seen the



*Thank you!



comet **crash** into Solitarius. Reginald explained we were the ones who had **changed** the comet's course and saved their home!

Benjamin and Buggy Wugsy found their little friend **Fred** with a bunch of other cute, gentle baby cosmosaurs. When we were all gathered together, King Rex the Sixteenth made a speech.





"I want to thank our new friends, the **spacemice**," he said. "They saved us from that **terrible** comet!"

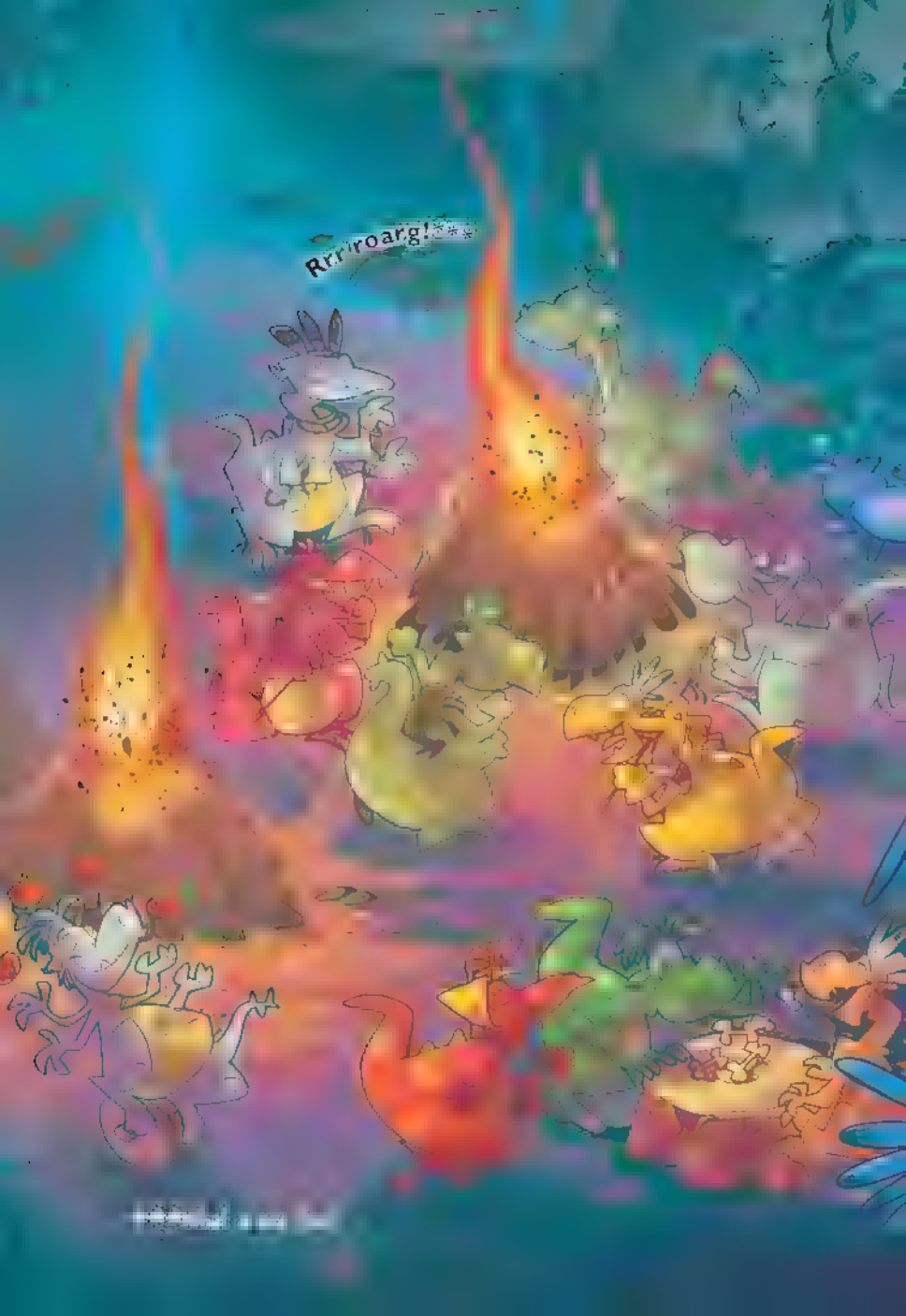
"ROOOOAAAAR!" shouted all the cosmosaurs.

"Of course, a nice banquet of spacemice would have been delicious," the king continued. **Mousey meteorites!** Not the banquet again! "But let's not dwell on that! We can finally celebrate the **Feast of the Hot Sun**. Let's start the festivities immediately!"

"Rooooaaarr!" the rest of the cosmosaurs replied.

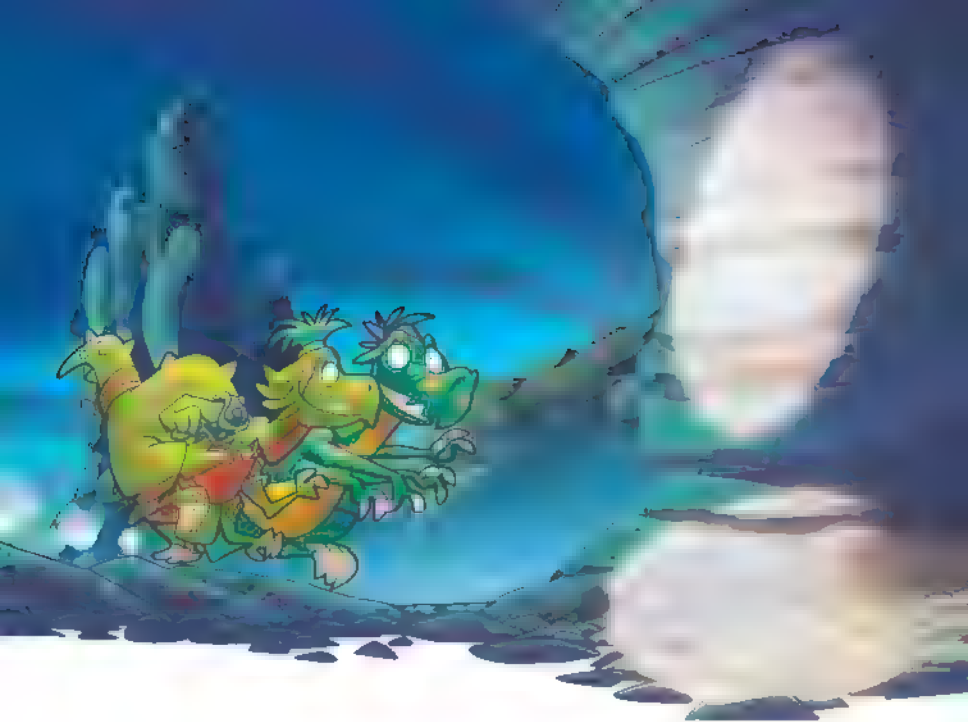
Then they broke out into a spirited dance around the **fire**. Luckily, Professor Greenfur had given me an **antidote** to my moss allergy. I was able to enjoy the festivities without a single nose **itch**!





Rrrroarg!

—HAROLD K. HARRIS



After the dancing, it was time for the games. **Catch the Light** appeared to be the cosmosaurs' favorite new form of entertainment. They **Chased** a light projected on the side of a rock wall. But no one ever **WON** because the light couldn't be **caught!** Still, the cosmosaurs had a great time.

Soon it was late, and we needed to leave



our new **friends**. I couldn't wait to get back to the spaceship so that I could write about our incredible **adventure** on Jurassix. That's right! It's the **book** that's in your paws **right now**. I hope you enjoyed it!

See you on our next intergalactic adventure!

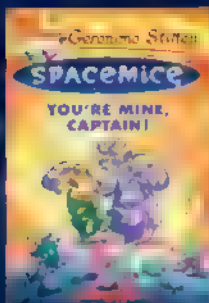




Don't miss any adventures
of the **Spacemice!**



#1 Alien Escape



#2 You're Mine, Captain!



#3 Ice Planet Adventure



#4 The Galactic Goal



#5 Rescue Rebellion



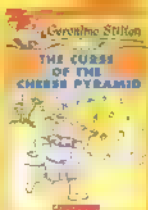
#6 The Underwater
Planet



**Be sure to read all my
fabumouse adventures!**



#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Foil



#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, Yoo! 'Fraidy Mouse!



#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



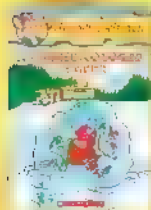
#13 The Phantom of the Subway



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



#15 The Mona Mousa Code



#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



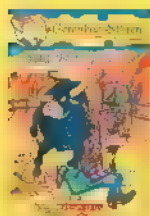
#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



#19 My Name is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



#21 The Wild, Wild West



#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



A Christmas Tale

#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crashers



#29 Down and Out Down Under



#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



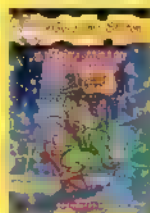
#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



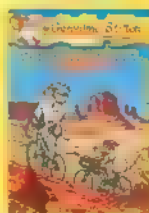
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



#38 A Fabmouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



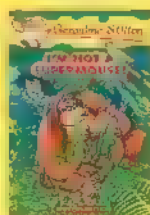
#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mouse Kilnmaster



#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale



#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormous Pearl Hoist



#52 Mouse in Space!



#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get Into Gear, Stilton!



#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Slinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



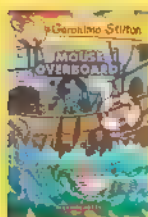
The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



#61 Mouse House Hunter



#62 Mouse Overboard!





Join me and my friends as
we travel through time in
these very special editions!



**THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME**



**BACK IN TIME:
THE SECOND JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME**



**THE RACE
AGAINST TIME:
THE THIRD JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME**



**Don't miss any of
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Sisters adventures!**



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Dragon's Code**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire**



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**Thea Stilton and the
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**Thea Stilton and the
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**Thea Stilton and the Mystery
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**Thea Stilton and the
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**Thea Stilton and the
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**Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den**



**Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist**



**Thea Stilton and the
Chocolate Sabotage**



**Thea Stilton and the
Missing Myth**



**Thea Stilton and the
Lost Letters**



**Thea Stilton and the
Tropical Treasure**

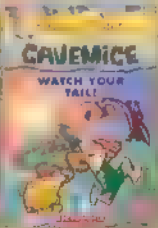


Meet GERONIMO STILTONOOT

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



#1 The Stone of Fire



#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



#4 The Fast and the Frozen



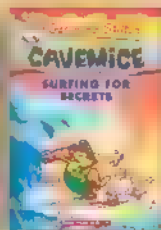
#5 The Great Mouse Race



#6 Don't Wake the Dinosaur!



#7 I'm a Scaredy-Mouse!



#8 Surfing for Secrets



#9 Get the Scoop, Geronimo!



#10 My Autosaurus Will Win!



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all of our magical
special edition
adventures!



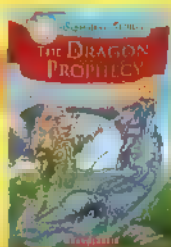
**THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:**
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



**THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:**
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:**
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



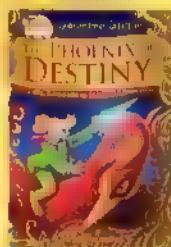
**THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:**
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE SEARCH
FOR TREASURE:**
THE SIXTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



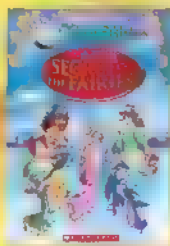
**THE ENCHANTED
CHARMS:**
THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE PHOENIX
OF DESTINY:**
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE



**THEA STILTON:
THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS**



**THEA STILTON:
THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES**



**THEA STILTON:
THE SECRET OF
THE SNOW**



**THEA STILTON:
THE CLOUD
CASTLE**

MouseStar I

The spaceship home and refuge of the spacemice!



1. Control room
2. Gigantic telescope
3. Greenhouse to grow plants and flowers
4. Library and reading room
5. Astral Park, an amusement park
6. Space Yum Café
7. Kitchen
8. Liftrix, the special elevator that moves between all floors of the spaceship
9. Computer room
10. Crew cabins
11. Theater for space shows
12. Warp-speed engines
13. Tennis court and swimming pool
14. Multipurpose technogym
15. Space pods for exploration
16. Cargo hold for food supply
17. Natural biosphere



Dear mouse friends,
thanks for reading,
and good-bye until the next book.
See you in outer space!



MEET GERONIMO STILTONIX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!

RESCUE REBELLION

Geronimo Stiltonix and his crew head to the planet Jurassix to warn its inhabitants of a giant comet heading straight toward them! But the creatures there turn out to be ferocious, dinosaur-like beasts . . . who like to eat rodents. Squeak! Can the spacemice save these aliens and still make it out alive?



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